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THE

WORDS

OF THE

FAVOURITE PIECES,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

GLEE CLUB,

HELD AT THE

CROWN AND ANCHOR TAVERN,

Strand.

COMPILED from their LIBRARY,

BY

J. PAUL HOBLER.

——— We ſpend the ſocial Night,
Still mixing Profit with Delight. HOR. SAT.

LONDON.
PRINTED for the EDITOR.
Sold by H. D. SYMONDS, Pater Noſter Row;
and to be had at the Place of Meeting.

1794.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

TO THE

PRESIDENT

AND

GENTLEMEN,

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE

GLEE CLUB,

THIS BOOK is humbly dedicated, with a View to increaſe the Hilarity of their Meetings, by

Their moſt obedient,

And devoted Servant,

J. PAUL HOBLER.

October, 1794.

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Favourite Pieces, &c.

INTRODUCTORY GLEE,

3 VOICES and CHORUS,

Written and compoſed expreſsly for the Club,

By SAMUEL WEBBE.

GLORIOUS Apollo from on high beheld us,
Wand'ring to find a temple for his praiſe,
Sent Polyhymnia hither to ſhield us,
While we ourſelves ſuch a ſtructure might raiſe.
Thus then combining,
Hands and hearts joining,
Sing we in harmony Apollo's praiſe.

Here ev'ry gen'rous ſentiment awaking,
Muſic inſpiring unity and joy;
Each ſocial pleaſure giving and partaking,
Glee and good-humour our hours employ.
Thus then combining,
Hands and hearts joining,
Long may continue our unity and joy.

GLEE, 3 VOC. Dr. ROGERS.

COME, come all noble ſouls, who ſkill'd in muſic's art,
Do join in this ſociety to bear a part;
For in this pleaſant grove we'll ſit, we'll drink, and ſing,
And imitate thoſe cheerful birds now in the ſpring;
The Muſes nine ſhall know, and all moſt plainly ſee,
Our off'ring at their ſhrine is love and harmony.

GLEE, 5 VOC. BATTISHILL.

AMIDST the myrtles as I walk,
Love and myſelf thus enter talk;
Tell me, ſaid I, in deep diſtreſs,
Where I may find my ſhepherdeſs?

A 5 VOC. WEBBE.

A Gen'rous friendſhip no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one reſentment glows:
One ſhould our intereſt and our paſſion be,
My friend ſhould hate the man that injures me.

A 4 VOC. STAFFORD SMITH.

AS on a ſummer's day,
In a green-wood ſhade as I lay;
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way:

And as ſhe paſſed by
With a ſcornful glance of her eye,
What a ſhame, quoth ſhe,
For a Swain muſt it be,
Like a lazy loon for to lie.
And doſt thou nothing heed
What Pan our god has decreed?
What a prize to-day
Shall be giv'n away
To the ſweeteſt ſhepherd's reed:
There's ſcarce a ſingle ſwain,
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears,
Now buſily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.
Shall another maiden ſhine
In brighter array than thine,
Up, up, dull ſwain, and make the garland mine.

A 3 Voc. Webbe.

AS o'er the varied meads I ſtray,
Or trace thro' winding woods my way;
While op'ning flow'rs their ſweets exhale,
And odours breathe in ev'ry gale:
Where ſage Contentment builds her ſeat,
And Peace attends the calm retreat;
My ſoul reſponſive hails the ſcene,
Attun'd to joy and peace within.
But, muſing on the lib'ral hand
That ſcatters bleſſings o'er the land;

That

That gives for man with pow'r divine,
The earth to teem, the ſun to ſhine;
My grateful heart with rapture burns,
And pleaſure to devotion turns.

GLEE, 4 VOC. DANBY.

AWAKE, Æolian Lyre, awake!
And give to rapture all thy trembling ſtrings;
From Helicon's harmonious ſprings,
A thouſand rills their mazy progreſs take.
The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich ſtream of muſic winds along,
Deep, majeſtic, ſmooth and ſtrong,
Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign;
Now rolling down the ſteep amain,
Headlong impetuous ſee it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

A 3 VOC. BAILDON.

ADIEU to the village delights
Which lately my fancy enjoy'd,
No longer the country invites,
To me all its pleaſures are void:
Adieu, thou ſweet health breathing hill,
Thou can'ſt not my comfort reſtore,
For ever adieu my dear vill,
My Lucy, alas! is no more.

She,

She, ſhe was the cauſe of my pain,
My bleſſing, my honour, my pride;
She ne'er gave me cauſe to complain
Till that fatal day when ſhe dy'd.
Her eyes that ſo beautiful ſhone
Are cloſed for ever in ſleep;
And mine, ſince my Lucy is gone,
Have nothing to do but to weep.

Could my tears the bright angel reſtore,
Like a fountain they never ſhould ceaſe;
But Lucy, alas! is no more,
And I am a ſtranger to peace;
Let me copy with fervour devout,
The virtues that glow'd in her heart,
Then ſoon, when life's ſand is run out,
We may meet again never to part.

A 4 Voc. Dr. Cooke.

AS now the ſhades of eve imbrown
The ſcenes where penſive poets rove;
From care remote, from envy's frown,
The joys of inward calm I prove.
What holy ſtrains around me ſwell,
No wildly rude tumultuous ſound;
They fix the ſoul in magic ſpell,
Soft let me tread this favour'd ground.
Sweet is the gale that breathes the ſpring,
Sweet thro' the vale yon winding ſtream;
Sweet are the notes love's warblers ſing,
But ſweeter friendſhip's ſolemn theme.

A 5 Voc. Wm. Rock, jun.

ALONE thro' unfrequented wilds,
With penſive ſteps I rove,
I aſk the rocks, I aſk the ſtreams,
Where dwells my abſent love?
The ſilent eve, the roſy morn,
My conſtant ſearch ſurvey,
But who can tell if thou, my dear,
Wilt e'er remember me?

A 5 Voc. Stafford Smith.

BLEST pair of ſirens, pledges of heav'n's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious ſiſters, voice and verſe,
Wed your divine ſounds, and mix'd pow'r employ,
Dead things with in breath'd ſenſe able to pierce;
And to our high rais'd phantaſy preſent
That undiſturbed ſong of pure conſent,
As ſung before the ſaphire-colour'd throne,
To Him that ſits thereon,
With ſaintly ſhout and ſolemn jubilee;
Where the bright Seraphin in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic hoſt in thouſand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With thoſe juſt ſpirits, that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout, and holy pſalms
Singing everlaſtingly:

That

That we on earth with undiſcording voice,
May rightly anſwer that melodious noiſe ;
As once we did, till diſproportioned ſin
Jarr'd againſt nature's chime, and with harſh din
Broke the fair muſic that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whoſe love their motion ſway'd
In perfect diapaſon, while they ſtood
In firſt obedience, and their ſtate of good.
O ! may we ſoon again renew that ſong,
And keep in tune with heav'n, till God, ere long,
To his celeſtial concert us unite,
To live with Him, and ſing in endleſs morn of light.

A 4 Voc. Webbe.

BREATHE ſoft ye winds, ye waters gently flow ;
Shield her ye trees, ye flow'rs around her grow ;
Ye ſwains I beg you paſs in ſilence by,
My love in yonder vale aſleep doth lie.

A 3 Voc. Battishill.

CONSIGN'D to duſt, beneath this ſtone
In manhood's prime is Damon laid,
Joyleſs he liv'd but dy'd unknown
In bleak misfortune's barren ſhade :
Lov'd by the muſe but lov'd in vain,
'Twas beauty drew his ruin on,
He ſaw young Daphne on the plain,
He lov'd, believ'd, and was undone !

Beneath this ſtone the youth is laid,
O! greet his aſhes with a tear;
May Heav'n with bleſſings crown his ſhade,
And grant that peace he wanted here!

A 4 Voc. Dr. Arne.

COME, ſhepherds, we'll follow the hearſe,
We'll ſee our lov'd Corydon laid;
Though ſorrow may blemiſh the verſe,
Yet let the ſoft tribute be paid.

They call'd him the pride of the plain,
In ſooth he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd in his elegant ſtrain,
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

No verdure ſhall cover the vale,
No bloom on the bloſſoms appear;
The trees of the foreſt ſhall fail,
And winter diſcolour the year.

No birds in our hedges ſhall ſing,
Our hedges ſo vocal before;
Since he that ſhould welcome the ſpring,
Can hail the gay ſeaſon no more.

A 4 Voc. Lord Mornington.

COME, ſhepherds, come away without delay,
While the gentle time doth ſtay;
Green woods are dumb, and will never tell to any,
Thoſe ſweet kiſſes, and thoſe many
Fond embraces which were giv'n;
Dainty pleaſures that could ev'n
In coldeſt age raiſe a fire,
And give virgins ſoft deſire;
Come, ſhepherds, come away without delay,
While the gentle time doth ſtay.

A 4 Voc. Lord Mornington.

COME, faireſt nymph, reſume thy reign,
Bring all the graces in thy train;
With balmy breath and flow'ry head,
Riſe from thy ſoft ambroſial bed;
Where, in Elyſian ſlumber bound,
Embow'ring myrtles veil thee round;
Awake, in all thy glories dreſt,
Recall the zephyr from the weſt,
Reſtore the ſun, revive the ſkies,
At nature's call and mine, ariſe;
Great nature's ſelf upbraids thy ſtay,
And miſſes her accuſtom'd May.
See, all her works demand thy aid,
The labours of Pomona fade;

A plaint is heard from ev'ry tree,
Each budding flow'ret waits for thee.
Come then, with pleaſure at thy ſide,
Diffuſe thy vernal ſpirit wide;
Create, where-e'er thou turn'ſt thine eye,
Peace, plenty, love, and harmony.

A 4 Voc. Webbe.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſures prove;
That grove and valley, hill and field,
Or woods and ſteepy mountains yield.

And I will make thee beds of roſes,
And twine a thouſand fragrant poſies;
A cap of flow'rs, and rural kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of ſtraw and ivy buds,
A coral claſp and amber ſtuds;
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The ſhepherd ſwains ſhall dance and ſing,
For thy delight each May morning;
If joys like theſe thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Answer.

A 4 Voc. Webbe.

IF love and all the world were young,
And truth in ev'ry ſhepherd's tongue;
Thy fancy'd pleaſures might me move,
And I might liſten to thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
Then rivers rage, and hills grow cold;
Then drooping Philomel is dumb,
And age complains of cares to come.

Thy gowns, thy belts, thy beds of roſes,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poſies;
All theſe in me can nothing move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

If youth could laſt, and love ſtill breed,
Had joys no date, and age no need;
Then theſe delights my mind might move,
And I might liſten to thy love.

A 4 Voc. Danby.

COME, ye party jangling ſwains,
Leave your flocks, and quit the plains;
Friends to country, friends to court,
Nothing here ſhall ſpoil your ſport;
Ever welcome to our feaſt,
Welcome ev'ry friendly gueſt.

Sprightly widows come away,
Laughing dames, and virgins gay;
Little gaudy, flutt'ring miſſes,
Smiling hopes of future bliſſes;
Ever welcome to our feaſt,
Welcome ev'ry friendly gueſt.

All that rip'ning Sun can bring,
Beauteous Summer, beauteous Spring,
In one varying ſcene we ſhow,
The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow;
Ever welcome to our feaſt,
Welcome ev'ry friendly gueſt.

Comus jeſting, muſic charming,
Wine inſpiring, beauty warming;
Rage and party malice dies,
Peace returns, and diſcord flies;
Ever welcome to our feaſt,
Welcome ev'ry friendly gueſt.

A 3 Voc. Hilton.

COME let us all a Maying go,
And lightly trip it to and fro:
The bells ſhall ring,
And the cuckoo ſing;
The drums ſhall beat, the fife ſhall play,
And ſo we'll paſs our time away.

A 4 Voc. Ravenscroft.

CAN'ST thou love and lie alone, love is ſo diſgraced;
Pleaſure is beſt when it can reſt, in a heart embraced.
Riſe, riſe, day light, do not burn out;
Bells now ring, and birds do ſing,
'Tis only I that mourn out.

Morning ſtar doth now appear,
Wind is huſh'd, and ſky is clear:
Come away, come, come away,
Can'ſt thou love? then burn out day.

A 3 Voc. Francis Ireland.

COULD gold prolong my fleeting breath,
Or guard me from the ſtroke of death;
Then would I toil for precious ore,
And amaſs a boundleſs ſtore.
But ſince all at length muſt die!
Nor gold a ſingle hour can buy;
Let the joys of life be mine,
Pour the ſtreams of roſy wine;
Let me taſte in Chloe's arms
All the heav'n of beauty's charms;
The ſmiles of friendſhip let me prove,
Friendſhip is the ſoul of love.

A 4 Voc. Webbe.

DISCORD, dire ſiſter of the ſlaught'ring pow'r,
Small at her birth, but riſing ev'ry hour;
While ſcarce the ſkies her horrid head can bound,
She ſtalks on earth, and ſhakes the world around.

But lovely Peace, in angel's form,
Deſcending, quells the riſing ſtorm;
Soft Eaſe and ſweet Content ſhall reign,
And Diſcord never riſe again.

A 4 Voc. Webbe.

DO not aſk me, charming Phillis,
Why I lead you here alone;
By this bank of pinks and lillies,
And of roſes newly blown:
'Tis not to behold the beauty
Of thoſe flow'rs that crown the ſpring,
'Tis to! — but I know my duty,
And dare never name the thing.
'Tis, at worſt, but her denying,
Why ſhould you thus fearful be?
Ev'ry minute gently flying,
Smiles and ſays, make uſe of me.
What the ſun does to thoſe roſes,
While the beams play ſweetly in;
I wou'd! — but my fear oppoſes,
And I dare not name the thing.

Yet

Yet I die if I conceal it,
  Aſk my eyes, or aſk your own;
And if neither can reveal it,
  Think what lovers do alone.
On this bank of pinks and lillies,
  Might I ſpeak what I wou'd do;
I wou'd! — with my lovely Phillis,
  I wou'd! — I wou'd! — Ah! wou'd you?

A 5 Voc. Webbe.

DAUGHTER ſweet of voice and air,
  Gentle Echo, haſte thee here;
From the vale, where all around,
Rocks to rocks return the ſound:
From the ſwelling ſurge that roars
'Gainſt the tempeſt-beaten ſhores;
From the ſilent moſs-grown cell,
Haunt of warb'ling Philomel:
Where unſeen of man you lie,
Queen of woodland harmony.
Daughter ſweet of voice and air,
Gentle Echo, haſte thee here;
If thou would'ſt Narciſſus move,
To requite thy tender love;
From Delia thou may'ſt learn the art,
She captivates the hardeſt heart.

A 5 Voc. Wilbye.

DOWN in a valley as Alexis trips,
He ſaw young Daphne ſleeping;
Soon did the wanton touch her ruby lips,
She bluſh'd and fell a weeping.
The youth then gently greets her,
But all in vain entreats her:
Since neither ſighs nor tears cou'd move her pity,
With plaint he warbled forth his mournful ditty.

A 4 Voc. Farmer.

FAIR Phillis I ſaw ſitting all alone,
Feeding her flock, near to the mountain ſide;
The ſhepherds knew not whither ſhe was gone,
But after her lover Amintas hy'd:
Up and down he wander'd while ſhe was miſſing,
But when he found her, O then they fell a kiſſing.

A 3 Voc. Dyne.

FILL the bowl with roſy wine,
Around our temples roſes twine;
And let us chearfully awhile,
Like the wine and roſes ſmile.
To-day is ours, what do we fear?
To-day is ours, we have it here;

Let's

Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wiſh at leaſt with us to ſtay:
Let's baniſh care, let's baniſh ſorrow,
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

A 5 Voc. Wilbye.

FLORA gave me faireſt flow'rs,
None ſo fair in Flora's treaſure;
Theſe I plac'd in Phillis' bow'rs,
She was pleas'd, and ſhe's my pleaſure:
Smiling meadows ſeem to ſay,
Come, ye wantons, here to play.

Sequel.

5 Voc. Atterbury.

I'VE often heard her ſay that ſhe lov'd poſies;
In the merry month of May I gave her roſes;
Cowſlips and gilly-flow'rs, and the ſweet lilly,
I got to deck the bow'rs of my dear Philly.

A 4 Voc. Dr. Cooke.

FAIR Suſan did her wife hode well maintain,
Algates aſſaulted ſo, by lovers twaine;
Now an' I reade arighte that auncient ſong,
The paramours were olde, the dame was young:

Had thilk ſame tale in other guiſe been told,
Had they been young and ſhe been olde,
Pardie! that wou'd ha' been much ſorer tryale,
Full marvailous, I wot, were ſuch denyale.

A 4 Voc. Thomas Ford.

FAIR, ſweet, cruel, why doſt thy fly me?
O go not from thy deareſt,
Tho' thou doſt haſten I am nigh thee;
When thou ſeem'ſt far, then I am neareſt:
Tarry then and take me with you.

Fie ſweeteſt, here is no danger,
O fly not, love purſues thee;
I am no foe nor foreign ſtranger,
Thy ſcorn with freſher hope renews me:
Tarry then and take me with you.

A 3 Voc. Dr. Nares.

FEAR no more the heat of the ſun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly taſk haſt done,
Home art gone to take thy wages;
Golden lads and laſſes muſt
All follow thee, and turn to duſt.
No exorciſer harm thee!
And no witchcraft charm thee!

Ghoſt unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet conſummation have,
Unremoved be thy grave.

A 3 Voc. Danby.

FAIR Flora decks the flow'ry ground,
And plants the bloom of May,
Whilſt ev'ry hill, and ev'ry dale,
Appears unuſual gay:
The pretty warblers of the grove
Aſſume their various notes;
Th' echoing woods reſponſive ſound,
The muſic of their throats.
Lead on, my Celia, quit the town,
And baniſh ev'ry care;
O haſte, my Celia, haſte away,
To breathe the rural air.

A 3 Voc. Dr. Wilson.

FROM the fair Lavinian ſhore,
I your markets come to ſtore;
Muſe not though ſo far I dwell,
And my wares come here to ſell:
Such is the ſacred hunger for gold.
Then come to my pack,
While I cry, "What d'ye lack,
What d'ye buy, for here it is to be ſold."

I have beauty, honor, grace,
Fortune, favor, time, and place,
And what elſe thou would'ſt requeſt,
Ev'n the thing thou likeſt beſt:
Firſt let me have but a touch of your gold,
Then come to me lad,
Thou ſhalt have what thy dad
Never gave, for here it is to be ſold.

Madam, come, ſee what you lack,
I've complexions in my pack;
White and red you may have in this place,
To hide your old and wrinkled face.
Firſt let me have but a touch of your gold,
Then thou ſhalt ſeem
Like a wench of fifteen,
Although you be three ſcore and ten years old.

A 3 Voc. Callcott, M. B.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartſome with thee I have many days been;
For Lochaber no more,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.
Theſe tears that I ſhed, they are all for my dear,
And not for the dangers attending on war;
Tho' borne on rough ſeas to a far diſtant ſhore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

A 5 Voc. Stafford Smith.

FLORA now calleth forth each flow'r,
And bids make ready Maia's bow'r,
Who ſtill doth lie in a trance.
Then will we little love awake,
That now ſleepeth in Lethe's lake,
And pray him leaden our dance.

A 4 Voc. Webbe, jun.

FROM peace and ſocial joy Meduſa flies,
And loves to hear the ſtorm of thunder riſe:
Thus hags and witches hate the ſmiles of day,
Sport in loud thunder, and in tempeſts play.

A 5 Voc. Webbe.

GREAT Bacchus, O aid us to ſing thy great glory,
Thou chief of the gods we aſſemble before thee:
Wine's firſt projector,
Mankind's protector;
Hail patron of ſocial delights! we adore thee!
All nature rejoic'd when thy birth was declar'd,
Behold here thy altar! and vot'ries prepar'd;
Crown with thy bleſſing
All who confeſſing,
No pow'r on earth can with thine be compar'd.

A 4 Voc. Dr. Cooke.

GAYLY I liv'd, as eaſe and nature taught,
And ſpent may little life without a thought;
And am amaz'd that Death, that tyrant grim,
Shou'd think of me, who never thought of him.

A 4 Voc. Dr. Hayes.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe ſeems inclined to reſt;
Fill her ſoul with fond deſire,
Softeſt notes will ſooth her breaſt,
Pleaſing dreams aſſiſt in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

A 3 Voc. Dr. Dupuis.

GATHERING violets yeſterday,
Alas! my heart was ſtole away;
Bell! I've been with thee alone,
Know'ſt thou where my heart is gone?
My little ſhepherdeſs reveal,
Did'ſt thou the captive wand'rer ſteal?
Then in thy breaſt my heart retain,
Or elſe reſtore it back again.
But, if my wand'ring heart has flown
To ſteal its paſſage to thy own,
O! let it take of love its fill,
And I ſhall gather violets ſtill.

A 4 Voc. J. W. Callcott, M. B.

GO tuneful bird, that glad'ſt the ſkies,
To Daphne's window ſpeed thy way;
And there on quiv'ring pinions riſe,
There thy vocal art diſplay.
And if ſhe deign thy notes to hear,
And if ſhe praiſe thy matin ſong;
Tell her the ſounds that charm her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

A 3 Voc. Brewer.

TURN, Amarillis, to thy ſwain,
Thy Damon calls thee back again;
Here's a pretty arbour by,
Where Apollo cannot ſpy;
Here let's ſit, and whilſt I play,
Sing to my pipe a roundelay.

The Answer.

A 4 Voc. Paxton.

GO Damon go, Amarillis bids adieu,
Go ſeek another love,
But prove to her more true:
No, no, I care not
For your pretty arbour nigh,
Although great Apollo cannot ſpy:
Nor will I ſit to hear you play,
Nor tune my voice to your roundelay.

A Voc. Alterbury.

GENTLE air, thou breath of lovers,
Vapour from a ſecret fire;
Which by thee itſelf diſcovers,
Ere yet daring to aſpire:
Softeſt note of whiſper'd anguiſh,
Harmony's refined part;
Striking while thou ſeem'ſt to languiſh,
Full upon the liſt'ner's heart.

A 4 Voc. Callcott, M. B.

GO, idle boy, I quit thy bow'r,
Thy couch of many a thorn and flow'r,
I wiſh thee well for pleaſures paſt,
But bleſs the hour I'm free at laſt.
Yet ſtill, methinks, the alter'd day
Scatters around a mournful ray;
And chilling ev'ry zephyr blows,
And ev'ry ſtream untuneful flows;
Haſte thee back then, idle boy,
And with thine anguiſh bring thy joy:
O rend my heart with ev'ry pain,
But let me, let me—love again.

A 3 Voc. Michael Este.

HOW merrily we live that ſhepherds be;
Roundelays ſtill we ſing with merry glee:
On the pleaſant downs, where, as our flocks we ſee,
We feel no cares, we feel not fortune's frowns:
We have no envy which ſweet mirth confounds.

A 3 Voc. Dr. Arne.

HUSH to peace each ruder wind,
Purling rills in ſilence roll,
While on roſy bed reclin'd
Sleeps the charmer of my ſoul.

Chaſte Diana, watch my treaſure,
Guard her beauty from alarms;
Let no ſatyr's brutal pleaſure
Dare invade her blooming charms.

Somnus, God of balmy reſt,
Sweetly ſlumb'ring let her prove
Ev'ry joy that Strephon bleſt,
Cou'd beſtow in waking love.

A 4 Voc. Dr. Cooke.

HOW ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt,
By all their country's wiſhes bleſt!
When ſpring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,

She there ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung,
There honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay;
And freedom ſhall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

A 4 Voc. Dr. Cooke.

HARK! the lark at heav'n's gate ſings,
And Phœbus 'gins t'ariſe,
His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings,
On chalic'd flowers that lies.

And winking Marybuds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With ev'ry thing that pretty is,
My lady ſweet, ariſe.

A 4 Voc. Lord Mornington.

HERE in cool grot and moſſy cell
We rural fays and fairies dwell;
Tho' rarely ſeen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon aſcending high,
Darts thro' yon limes her quiv'ring beams,
We friſk it near theſe cryſtal ſtreams;
Her beams reflected from the wave,
Afford the light our revels crave;

The turf with daiſies 'broider'd o'er,
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
Nor yet for artful ſtrains we call,
But liſten to the water-fall.

A 4 Voc. Paxton.

HOW ſweet, how freſh, this vernal day,
How muſical the air!
Nature was never ſeen ſo gay,
Were but my Silvia near.
Huſh! wanton birds, your am'rous ſong
Alarms my virgin breaſt;
Retire, ſweet whiſt'ling winds be gone,
Retire, 'tis love's requeſt.

A 4 Voc. Stafford Smith.

HARK! the hollow woods reſounding,
Echo to the hunter's cry;
Hark! how all the vales rebounding,
To his cheering voice reply.
Now ſo ſwift o'er hills aſpiring,
He purſues the gay delight;
Diſtant woods and plains retiring,
Seem to vaniſh from his ſight.
Flying ſtill, and ſtill purſuing,
See the fox, the hounds, the men,
Cunning cannot ſave from ruin;
Far from refuge, wood, and den.

Now they kill him—homeward hie them,
For a jovial night's repaſt;
Thus no ſorrow e'er comes nigh them,
Health continues to the laſt.

A 4 Voc. Webbe.

HAIL! happy meeting, vintage now is done,
The grapes are purpled by the autumnal ſun;
Who having with his beams all nature bleſt,
Retires to Capricorn, and ſinks to reſt.
Now comes relentleſs Winter, that deforms
With froſt the foreſt, and the ſea with ſtorms;
We ſhun the rage, and thus in ſocial mirth,
We'll paſs our time till ſpring renews its birth:
Hail! happy meeting, crown'd with ev'ry bleſſing,
Thrice happy we ſuch plenty here poſſeſſing,
Each in his look his heart's content expreſſing.
Thus while together ſuch a treat before us,
Since it hath pleas'd great Bacchus to reſtore us,
Cantet nunc Io Amicorum chorus.

A 6 Voc. Webbe.

HENCE all ye vain delights!
As ſhort as are the nights
Wherein you ſpend your folly!
There's nought in this life ſweet,
If Man were wiſe to ſee't,
But only Melancholy;
Oh! ſweeteſt Melancholy,

Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,
A ſigh that piercing, mortifies;
A look that's faſten'd to the ground;
A tongue chain'd up—without a ſound:

Fountain heads, and pathleſs groves,
Places which pale paſſion loves,
Moon-light walks, when all the fowls
Are ſafely hous'd, ſave bats and owls.

A midnight bell! a parting groan!
Theſe are the ſounds we feed upon!

Then ſtretch our bones in a ſtill, gloomy valley,
Nothing ſo dainty ſweet as Melancholy.

A 3 Voc. FRANCIS IRELAND.

JOLLY Bacchus hear my pray'r,
Vengeance on th' ungrateful fair;
In thy ſmiling cordial bowl
Drown all the ſorrows of my ſoul;
Jolly Bacchus! ſave! Oh ſave!
From the deep devouring grave,
A poor deſpairing, ſighing ſwain.

Haſte, haſte away,
Laſh thy tygers, do not ſtay,
I'm undone if thou delay.
If I view thoſe eyes once more,
I ſtill ſhall love, and ſtill adore,
And be more wretched than before.

A 4 Voc. Dr. Cooke.

IN the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd by the wood ſide,
Where, as May was in his pride,
There I ſpied all alone
Phillida and Corydon:
Much ado there was, God wot,
For he would love, but ſhe would not;
She ſaid, never man was true;
He ſaid, none was falſe to you;
He ſaid, he had lov'd her long;
She ſaid, love ſhould have no wrong:
Corydon would kiſs her then;
She ſaid, maids muſt kiſs no men,
Till they did for good and all:
Then ſhe made the ſhepherd call
On all the heav'ns to witneſs truth,
That never lov'd a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as ſilly ſhepherds uſe,
When they will not love abuſe:
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kiſſes ſweet concluded;
And Phillida, with garland gay,
Was crown'd the Lady of the May.

A 4 Voc. Dr. Cooke.

IN paper caſe, hard by this place,
Dead a poor dormouſe lies;
And ſoon or late, ſummon'd by fate,
Each prince, each monarch dies.

Ye ſons of verſe, while we rehearſe,
Attend inſtructive rhime;
No ſins had Dor to anſwer for,—
Repent of your's in time.

A 3 Voc. Dr. Cooke.

I Have been young, though now grown old,
Hardy in field, in battle bold.
I am young ſtill, let who dares try,
I'll conquer or in combat die;
Whatever ye can do or tell,
I one day did you both excell.

A 6 Voc. Wilbye.

LADY, when I behold the roſes ſprouting,
Which clad in damaſk mantles deck the arbours;
And then behold your lips, where ſweet love harbours,
Mine eyes preſent me with a double doubting;
For viewing both alike, hardly my mind ſuppoſes,
Whether the roſes be your lips, or your lips the roſes?

A 3 Voc. S. Smith.

LET us, my Leſbia, live and love,
Nor caſt a moment's thought away;
Whether a peeviſh world approve,
Or what they think, or what they ſay:

The ſun that ſets ſhall riſe again;
But when our ſhort-liv'd day is o'er,
One long eternal night muſt reign,
A laſting ſleep — to wake no more!

Let us then live and love to-day,
And kiſs the fleeting hours away.

A 4 Voc. Webbe.

LIVE to-day, enjoy each bleſſing,
Taking what the gods have ſent;
Time is ever on us preſſing,
Let no moment be miſpent:
Then fill the glaſs and fill the bowl,
May Bacchus ſtill with love agree;
And let each Briton warm his ſoul
With Love, and Wine, and Liberty.

A 4 Voc. Dr. Hayes.

MELTING airs ſoft joys inſpire,
Airs for drooping hope to hear;
Melting as a lover's pray'r,
Joys to flatter dull deſpair,
And ſoftly ſoothe the am'rous fire.

A 4 Voc. Dr. Arne.

MAKE haſte to meet the gen'rous wine,
Whoſe piercing is for thee delay'd;
The roſy wreath is ready made, and artful hands prepare
The fragrant oil that ſhall perfume thy hair.
Freſh roſes here with myrtles twine;
But ſimple all, without deceit,
My wine from art is free,
Which never woman was,
Nor e'er will be.
When nectar ſparkles from afar,
And the free-hearted friend cries, come away,
Make haſte, reſign thy bus'neſs and thy care,
No mortal int'reſt can be worth thy ſtay.
Here Mirth reſides, here Bacchus' rites are due,
Come, drink till ev'ry taper ſhines like two;
Till whining love in bumpers deep be drown'd,
And all things, like the circling glaſs, go round.

A 4 Voc. Rev. R. Greville.

NOW the bright morning ſtar,
Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the eaſt,
And leads with her the flow'ry May;
Who from her green cap throws
The yellow cowſlip and the pale primroſe.

A 4 Voc. Webbe.

NOW I'm prepar'd to meet th' enchanting ſcene,
This is the hour the happy gueſts convene;
Welcome this kind releaſe from care,
What can to ſocial joys compare?
With wine and ſongs the jovial night ſhall paſs,
Till morning darts its rays into my glaſs;
When vine-crown'd Bacchus leads the way,
What can his votaries diſmay?

A 5 Voc. Morley.

NOW is the month of maying,
When merry lads are playing,
Fa, la, la, la, la.
Each with his bonny laſs,
A dancing on the graſs;
Fa, la, la, la, la.

A 4 Voc. T. Norris, M. B.

O'ER William's tomb, with ſilent grief oppreſt,
Britannia mourns her hero now at reſt;
Not tears alone, but praiſes too ſhe gives,
Due to the guardian of our laws and lives:
Nor ſhall that laurel ever fade with years,
Whoſe leaves are water'd with a nation's tears.

A 3 Voc. Ravenscroft.

OF all the brave birds that ever I ſee,
The owl is the faireſt in her degree;
For all the day long ſhe ſits in a tree,
And when the night comes, away flies ſhe:
Te whit, te whoo,
To whom drink'ſt thou?
Sir Noodle, to you!
This ſong is well ſung I make you a vow,
And he is a knave that drinketh now.
Noſe, noſe;
And who gave thee that jolly red noſe?
Cinnamon and ginger,
Nutmeg and cloves,
And they gave me my jolly red noſe.

A 3 Voc. Webbe.

OFTEN in Laura's breaſt I ſtrove
To plunge a dart quite full of love;
The dart, ſo ſtubborn is the fair,
Repell'd as oft, was loſt in air;
Tell me, ſweet mother, tell me why
Laura can thus my pow'r defy?
To Venus thus young Cupid cry'd,
To him the goddeſs thus reply'd:
Have you not ſeen a caſtle, boy,
Elaſtic hung with wool-packs round,
The cannon's wonted rage defy,
And make the threat'ning ball rebound?

Thus, when you ſhoot at Laura's heart,
The ſpringing b—by turns the dart.

A Voc. Atterbury.

O Thou, ſweet bird! that ſits on ſome lone ſpray
Unſeen, amid yon ſolitary grove,
Fly to my love, and ſing thy little lay,
For lays like thine the hardeſt heart can move:
Sing, till around her ſoft-ey'd Pity play,
And one reſponſive ſigh breathe ſympathiſing love.

A 4 Voc. Callcott, M. B.

O Thou! where'er (thie bones att reſt)
Thie ſpryte to haunte delyghteth beſt,
Whether on the blod-embrued playne,
Or where thou kenn'ſt from far
The dyſmal crye of war,
Or ſeeſt ſome mountayne made of hepes of ſlayne;
Or fierie rounde the mynſterne glare;
Let Briſtowe ſtille bee made thie care:
Guarde itt fromme fomenne and conſumynge fyre;
Lyke Avon's ſtreame encyrque itt rounde,
Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
Tyll ynne one flame al the whole worlde expyre.

A 5 Voc. Webbe.

PRETTY warbler, ceaſe to hover,
Pretty warbler, help a lover;
From thy joy a moment borrow,
Tune thy muſic to my ſorrow:
Join and anſwer when I mourn.
To grieve alone is moſt tormenting,
There's a pleaſure in lamenting,
My complaint if you return.

A 3 Voc. Baildon.

PRITHEE, friend, fill t'other pipe,
Fie for ſhame don't let us part;
Juſt when wit is briſk and ripe,
Rais'd by wine's all-powerful art.
None but fools would thus retire
To their drowſy ſleepy bed;
Drawer, heap with coals the fire,
Bring us t'other flaſk of red.
Foot to foot then let us drink,
Till things double to our view,
Pleaſure then 'twill be to think,
One full bumper looks like two:
Fill, my friend, then fill your glaſs,
Why ſhould we at cares repine?
Miſery crowns the ſober aſs,
Happineſs the man of wine!

A 4 Voc. Stafford Smith.

RETURN, bleſt days, return ye laughing hours,
Which led me up the roſeate ſteep of youth,
Which ſtrew'd my ſimple path with vernal flow'rs,
And bid me court chaſte ſcience and fair truth.
Witneſs ye winged daughters of the year,
If e'er a ſigh had learnt to heave my breaſt,
If e'er my cheek was conſcious of a tear,
Till Cynthia came, and robb'd my ſoul of reſt.
So ſoft, ſo delicate, ſo ſweet ſhe came,
Youth's damaſk glow juſt dawning on her cheek;
I gaz'd, I ſigh'd, I caught the tender flame,
Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with paſſion weak.

A 4 Voc. Webbe.

RISE, my joy, ſweet mirth attend,
I'm reſolv'd to be thy friend;
Sneaking Phoebus hides his head,
He's with Thetis gone to bed:
Tho' he will not on me ſhine,
Still there's brightneſs in the wine;
From Bacchus I'll ſuch luſtre borrow,
My face ſhall be a ſun to-morrow.

A 4 Voc. Paxton.

ROUND the hapleſs Andrè's urn,
Be the cypreſs foliage ſpread;
Fragrant ſpice profuſely burn,
Honours grateful to the dead:

Let

Let a ſoldier's manly form,
Guard the vaſe his aſhes bears;
Truth in living ſorrow warm,
Pay a mourning nation's tears:
Fame, his praiſe upon thy wing,
Through the world diſperſing tell;
In the ſervice of his King,
In his Country's cauſe he fell!

A 4 Voc. Dr. Hutchinson.

RETURN, return my lovely maid,
For Summer's pleaſures paſs away,
The trees green liv'ries 'gin to fade,
And Flora's treaſures all decay.
No more, at ev'n-tide, waileth ſweet,
Sad Philomel the woods among;
Nor lark the riſing morn doth greet,
Return, my love, thou ſtay'ſt too long.

A 5 Voc. Webbe.

SISTER of Phoebus, gentle queen,
Of aſpect mild, and ray ſerene,
Whoſe friendly beams by night appear,
The lonely traveller to cheer!
Attractive Power! whoſe mighty ſway
The ocean's ſwelling waves obey,
And, mounting upward, ſeem to raiſe
A liquid altar to thy praiſe;

Thee,

Thee, wither'd hags, at midnight hour,
Invoke to their infernal bow'r:
But I to no ſuch horrid rite,
Sweet queen, implore thy ſacred light;
Nor ſeek, while all but lovers ſleep,
To rob the miſer's treaſur'd heap:
Thy kindly beams alone impart,
To find the youth who ſtole my heart,
And guide me from thy ſilver throne,
To ſteal his heart — or find my own.

A 4 Voc. Dr. Arne.

SWEET Muſe! inſpire thy ſuppliant bard,
Heroic ardor to record.
In vain the fervent pray'r I move,
Hark! ev'ry echo whiſpers Love!
I'll raiſe the theme to acts renown'd ——
Ah! no, — 'tis Love, — no other ſound!
Farewell then, Patriot — Hero — King!
My Muſe of nought but Love can ſing.

A 5 Voc. Stevens.

SIGH no more, ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on ſea and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant never.
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your ſounds of woe,
To hey nonny nonny.

Sing

Sing no more ditties, ladies, ſing no more
Of dumps ſo dull and heavy,
The frauds of men were ever ſo,
Since ſummer firſt was leafy.
Then ſigh not, &c. &c.

A 4 Voc. Webbe.

SWIFTLY from the mountain's brow,
Shadows nurs'd by night retire,
And the peeping ſun-beams now
Paint with gold the village ſpire.

Sweet, O ſweet, the warbling throng
On the white emboſſom'd ſpray,
Nature's univerſal ſong
Echoes to the riſing day.

A 5 Voc. Orlando Gibbons.

THE ſilver ſwan who living had no note,
When death approach'd unlock'd her ſilent throat:
Leaning her breaſt againſt the reedy ſhore,
Thus ſung her firſt and laſt, and ſung no more.
Farewell all joys, O death, come cloſe mine eyes,
More geeſe than ſwans now live, more fools than wiſe.

A 3 Voc. Weelkes.

THE nightingale, the organ of delight,
The nimble lark, the blackbird, and the thruſh,
And all the pretty choriſters of flight,
That chaunt their muſic notes on ev'ry buſh:
Let them no more contend who ſhall excel;
The cuckow is the bird that bears the bell.

A 3 Voc. Webbe.

TO me the wanton girls inſulting ſay,
Here in this glaſs thy fading bloom ſurvey:
Juſt on the verge of life, 'tis equal quite,
Whether my locks are black, or ſilver white;
Roſes around my fragrant brows I'll twine,
And diſſipate anxieties in wine.

A 4 Voc. Webbe.

THE mighty conqueror of hearts,
His pow'r I here deny;
With all his flames, his fires and darts,
I, champion-like, defy.

I'll offer all my ſacrifice,
Henceforth, at Bacchus' ſhrine;
The merry god ne'er tells us lies,
There's no deceit in wine.

A 4 Voc. Webbe.

THE girl that I love is as mild as Aurora,
Diſcreet as Minerva, and youthful as Flora;
Rejoic'd at her preſence fond nature looks gay,
The trees bow their heads on each ſide of her way.
The flow'rs ſend forth a profuſion of ſweet,
The graſs looks more green, that is trod by her feet;
The birds hover round, as ſhe trips it along,
And improve from her voice, the beſt notes of her ſong.
Great Phœbus himſelf is delighted to ſee,
A pow'r more bright and more cheering than he;
And ſtopping his ſteeds in the midſt of their way,
He gazes! — forgetting to drive on the day.

A 4 Voc. Danby.

THY breath as fragrant as her own confeſt,
Go, lovely roſe, and breathe in Delia's ear;
Expiring on her yet as lovely breaſt,
That beauty's bloſſoms are as frail as fair.

A 3 Voc. Danby.

THE faireſt flow'rs the vale prefer,
And ſhed ambroſial ſweetneſs there;
While the tall pine and mountain oak,
Oft feel the tempeſt's ruder ſtroke:

So in the lowly moſs-grown ſeat,
Dear peace and quiet dwell;
The ſtorms that rack the rich and great,
Fly o'er the ſhepherd's cell.

A 3 Voc. Battishill.

UNDERNEATH this myrtle ſhade,
On flow'ry beds ſupinely laid,
With od'rous oils my head o'erflowing,
And around it roſes growing,
What ſhould I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly ſtate,
Love himſelf ſhall on me wait.
Fill to me, love, nay fill it up;
And mingled, caſt into the cup
Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
Vig'rous health, and gay deſires.
Crown me with roſes whilſt I live,
Now your wines and ointments give;
After death I nothing crave,
Let me alive my pleaſures have,
All are ſtoicks in the grave.

A 3 Voc. Baildon.

WHEN gay Bacchus fills my breaſt,
All my cares are lull'd to reſt;
Rich I ſeem as Lydia's king,
Merry catch, or ballad ſing:

Ivy wreaths my temples ſhade,
Ivy, that will never fade;
Thus I ſit in mind elate,
Laughing at the farce of ſtate;
Some delight in fighting fields,
Nobler tranſports Bacchus yields;
Fill the bowl, I ever ſaid,
'Tis better to lie drunk than dead.

A 5 Voc. Gir. Converso.

WHEN all alone my pretty love was playing,
And I ſaw at a gaze, bright Phœbus ſtaying,
Alas! I fear'd there would be ſome betraying.

A 4 Voc. S. Smith.

WHILE fools their time in ſtormy ſtrife employ,
Be ours engag'd in Union, Peace and Joy;
Thus the bleſt gods, the genial day prolong;
In feaſts ambroſial, and celeſtial ſong;
Apollo tunes the lyre, the muſes round,
With voice alternate, aid the ſilver ſound.
Wiſely we imitate the Pow'rs divine,
Peace at our heart, and pleaſure our deſign.

A 5 Voc. Webbe.

WHEN nature form'd that angel face,
She laviſh'd all her pow'r;
Be this, ſhe cry'd, my maſter piece,
Kneel, mortals, and adore!

A 3 Voc. Danby.

WHEN Sappho tun'd the raptur'd ſtrain,
The liſt'ning wretch forgot his pain;
With art divine, the lyre ſhe ſtrung,
Like thee ſhe play'd, like thee ſhe ſung.
For when ſhe ſtruck the quiv'ring wire,
The eager breaſt was all on fire;
But when ſhe tun'd the vocal lay,
The captive ſoul was charm'd away.

A 3 Voc. Callcott, M. B.

WHEN Arthur firſt in court began
To wear long hanging ſleeves,
He entertain'd three ſerving men,
And all of them were thieves.

The firſt he was an Iriſhman,
The ſecond was a Scot,
The third he was a Welchman,
And all were knaves I wot.

The Iriſhman lov'd Uſquebaugh,
The Scot lov'd Ale, call'd Blue Cap;
The Welchman, he lov'd Toaſted Cheeſe,
And made his mouth like a Mouſe Trap.

Uſquebaugh burnt the Iriſhman,
The Scot was drown'd in ale;
The Welchman had like to be choak'd with a Mouſe,
But he pull'd her out by the tail.

A 5 Voc. Weelkes.

WELCOME, ſweet pleaſure,
My wealth and treaſure;
To haſte our playing,
There's no delaying,
No no no no no!
This mirth delights me,
When ſorrow ſpights me,
Then ſing we all, Fa la la;

Sorrow content thee,
Mirth muſt prevent thee;
Though much thou grieveſt,
Thou none relieveſt,
No no no no no!
Joy come delight me,
Though ſorrow ſpight me,
Then ſing we all, Fa la la.

Grief

Grief is diſdainful,
Sottiſh and painful;
Then wait on pleaſure,
And loſe no leiſure,
No no no no no!
Heart's eaſe it lendeth,
And comfort ſendeth,
Then ſing we all, Fa la la.

A 4 Voc. Earl of Mornington.

WHEN for the world's repoſe my faireſt ſleeps,
See Cupid hovers round her couch and weeps;
Well may'ſt thou weep, proud boy, thy pow'r dies,
Thou haſt no dart when Chloe has no eyes.

A 4 Voc. Morley.

WHITHER away ſo faſt my dear,
From your true love approved;
What haſte, what haſte, I ſay,
Tell me my beſt beloved?
Lo! then I come, diſpatch thee
Hence away, or elſe I catch thee:
Think not thus to 'ſcape without me,
But run and never doubt me.

A 3 Voc. *Publiſhed by* RAVENSCROFT.

WE be ſoldiers three,
Pardonez moi je vous en prie;
Lately come forth from the low country,
With never a penny of money.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee,
Pardonez moi je vous en prie;
To all good fellows, wherever they be,
With never a penny of money.

And he that will not pledge me this,
Pardonez moi je vous en prie;
Pays for the ſhot, what ever it is,
With never a penny of money.

Charge it again, boy, charge it again,
Pardonez moi je vous en prie;
As long as there is any ink in my pen,
With never a penny of money.

A 3 Voc. Dr. ARNE.

WHEN Britain on her ſea-girt ſhore,
Her ancient Druids firſt addreſt;
What aid, ſhe cry'd, ſhall I implore?
What beſt defence, by numbers preſt?
Tho' hoſtile nations round thee riſe,
(The myſtic Oracles reply'd)
And view thine Iſle with envious eyes,
Their threats defy, their rage deride;

Nor fear invaſion from thoſe adverſe Gauls,
Britain's beſt bulwarks are — her wooden walls.

Thine oaks deſcending to the main,
With floating force ſhall ſtem the tides,
Aſſerting Britain's liquid reign,
Where'er thy thund'ring navy rides.
Nor leſs to peaceful arts inclin'd,
Where commerce opens all her ſtores,
In ſocial bands ſhall lead mankind,
And join the ſea-divided ſhores;
Spread then thy ſails where naval glory calls,
Britain's beſt bulwarks are — her wooden walls.

Hail! happy Iſle, what tho' thy vales
No vine-empurpled tribute yield,
Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales,
Nor crops ſpontaneous glad the field;
Yet Liberty rewards the toil
Of Induſtry, to labour prone,
Who jocund ploughs the grateful ſoil,
And reaps the harveſt ſhe has ſown:
While other realms tyrannic ſway enthralls,
Britain's beſt bulwarks are — her wooden walls.

A 4 Voc. Webbe.

WHERE, hapleſs Ilion, are thy heav'n-built walls,
Thy high embattled tow'rs, thy ſpacious halls?
Where are thy temples, fill'd with forms divine?
Where is thy Pallas? where her awful ſhrine?

The

The mighty Hector where? thy fav'rite boaſt;
And all thy valiant ſons, a ſplendid hoſt?
Thy arts, thy arms, thy riches, and thy ſtate,
Thy pride, thy pomp, thy all that made thee great?
Theſe proſtrate now in duſt and ruin lie,
But thy tranſcendant fame can never die;
Fate boaſts no pow'r to ſink thy glories paſt,
They fill the world, and with the world ſhall laſt.

A 4 Voc. S. Smith.

WHAT ſhall we have that kill'd the deer?
His leathern ſkin and horns to wear;
The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn.

Take you no ſcorn to wear the horn,
It was a creſt ere thou wert born;
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn.

A 4 Voc. Morley.

WITHIN an arbour of ſweet-briar and roſes,
I heard two lovers talking wanton coſes;
Say, lovely maid, quoth he, to whom is thy liking ty'd?
To whom but thee, my deareſt life, the gentle nymph reply'd!

I die, I die, I die, quoth he;
And I, and I, and I, ſaid ſhe;
Ah! give me, give me then, quoth he, ſome token,
And with his hands the reſt he would have ſpoken:
Fie! away then, cry'd the nymph; alas! too well you know it;
Ah! quoth he, ſweetly come kiſs me, then; kiſs me, and — ſhow it.

A 5 Voc. Webbe.

YOU gave me your heart t'other day,
I thought it as ſafe as my own;
I've not loſt it, — but, what can I ſay?
Not your heart from mine can be known!

A 3 Voc. *Publiſhed by* Ravenscroft.

WE be three poor mariners,
Newly come from the ſeas,
We ſpend our lives in jeopardy,
While others live at eaſe:
Shall we go dance the round, around, around,
And he that is a bully, boy,
Come pledge me on this ground.
We care not for thoſe martial men,
That do our ſtates diſdain,
But we care for thoſe merchantmen,
Which do our ſtates maintain;

To

To them we dance this round, around, around,
And he that is a bully, boy,
Come pledge me on this ground.

A 3 Voc. L. Marenzio.

WILL you hear how once repining,
Great Eliza captive lay,
Each ambitious thought reſigning,
Foe to riches, pomp, and ſway.
While the nymphs and ſwains delighted,
Tript around in all their pride;
Envying joys, by others ſlighted,
Thus the Royal Maiden cry'd.

Hark! to yonder milk-maid, ſinging
Cheerly o'er the brimming pail;
Cowſlips all around her ſpringing,
Sweetly paint the golden vale.
Never yet did courtly maiden,
Move ſo ſprightly, look ſo fair;
Never breaſt with jewels laden,
Pour a ſong ſo void of care.

Would indulgent heav'n had granted
Me ſome rural damſel's part;
All the empire I had wanted,
Then had been my ſhepherd's heart.
Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
Free from fetters might I rove,
Fearleſs taſte the chryſtal fountains,
Peaceful ſleep beneath the grove.

A 5 Voc. Webbe.

WHEN winds breathe ſoft along the ſilent deep,
The waters curl, the peaceful billows ſleep:
A ſtronger gale the troubled wave awakes;
The ſurface roughens, and the ocean ſhakes.
More dreadful ſtill, when furious ſtorms ariſe,
The mounting billows bellow to the ſkies;
On liquid rocks the tott'ring veſſel's toſs'd,
Unnumber'd ſurges laſh the foaming coaſt:
The raging waves, excited by the blaſt,
Whiten with wrath, and ſplit the ſturdy maſt,
When in an inſtant, he who rules the floods,
Earth, air, and fire, Jehovah, God of gods,
In pleaſing accents ſpeaks his ſovereign will,
And bids the waters, and the winds, be ſtill!
Huſh'd are the winds, the waters ceaſe to roar;
Safe are the ſeas, and ſilent as the ſhore.
Now ſay what joy elates the ſailor's breaſt,
With proſp'rous gales ſo unexpected bleſt:
What eaſe, what tranſport, in each face is ſeen,
The heav'ns look bright, the air and ſea ſerene:
For ev'ry plaint we hear a joyful ſtrain
To Him, whoſe pow'r unbounded rules the main.

A 3 Voc. Baildon.

WHAT Anacreon lov'd we drink,
Preſs it cloſely to the lip;
Miſers, can ye ſleep or think,
While ſuch nectar here we ſip?

Our

Our gay honeſt Horace would take off his flaſk,
While Ovid in love play'd the fool:
Come, broach the Falernian or Maſſic old caſk,
And follow gay Horace's rule.

Let the whining lover ſigh,
All his tears are ſhed in vain;
But a bumper can ſupply,
Ev'ry tear that love can drain.

Love was ne'er a treaſure,
Drinking is a pleaſure,
Then fill your gen'rous goblet high!
Let your glaſſes gingle
Thus our joys we mingle,
Drink, ſons of Bacchus, till ye die.

A 3 Voc. Dr. Arne.

YOU aſk me, dear Jack, for an emblem that's rife,
And clearly explains the true medium of life:
I think I have hit it, as ſure as a gun,
A bowl of good Punch and the Medium are one.
When Lemon and Sugar ſo happily meet,
The acid's corrected by mixing the ſweet;
The water and ſpirit ſo luckily blend,
That each from th' extreme doth the other defend.
Then fill up the bowl, rot ſorrow and ſtrife,
A bumper! my boys, to the Medium of Life:
Which keeps our frail ſtate in a temper that's meet,
Contented in blending the ſour with the ſweet.

A 3 Voc. Webbe.

O Come O bella l'ardor de vini,
Piu coralini tuoi la bri fa,
Bacco vi ſtilla, ſuave umore,
D'un tal ſapore che amor non ha,
Bevil' O cara, quando ha la ſpuma,
Tal ſi coſtuma guſtarlo qui,
Coſi gridando l'ama il franceſe,
Cheto l'Ingleſe l'ama coſi.
Ma cara luci voi non vedete,
Qual altra ſiete ſui l'abri ſta,
Aita il core ch' è tutto fuoco,
Et a poco a poco mancando va.
Si bella Dori godiam che il giorno,
Preſto è al ritorno preſto al partir,
Di giovanezza godiam il fiore,
Poi l'ultim' ore laſciam venir.

A 4 Voc. Callcott, M. B.

THYRSIS when he left me ſwore,
In the ſpring he would return;
Ah! what means that op'ning flow'r,
And the bud that decks the thorn?
'Twas the nightingale that ſung,
'Twas the lark that upward ſprung.

Idle notes, untimely green,
Why ſuch unavailing haſte?
Gentle gales and ſky ſerene,
Prove not always winter paſt;

Ceaſe

Ceaſe my doubts, my fears remove;
Spare the honour of my love.

An 8 Voc. Danby.

Ode to Hope.

THOU bleſſing ſent us from above,
Rich offspring of celeſtial love,
Fair Hope! thy preſence let me hail,
When grief intrudes, when pains aſſail:
On life's rough ſea, amid the tempeſt's roar,
Pilot my rolling bark, and ſet me ſafe on ſhore.

A 3 Voc. Callcott, M. B.

PEACE to the ſouls of the heroes,
Their deeds were great in fight;
Let them ride around me on clouds,
Let them ſhew their features in war;
My ſoul then ſhall be firm in danger,
And mine arm like the thunder of heav'n:
But be thou on a moon-beam, O Morna,
Near the window of my reſt,
When my thoughts are of peace,
When the din of arms is paſt.

A 4 Voc. Callcott, M. B.

TRIUMPHANT love, with roſeate garlands crown'd,
Has tun'd my lyre to hope's delightful theme;
Applauding virtue caſts a luſtre round,
And tells the world ſuch bliſs is bliſs ſupreme.

A 4 Voc. Stevens.

YE ſpotted ſnakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not ſeen;
Newts and blind worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen:
Philomel with melody,
Sing in your ſweet lullaby.

Weaving ſpiders come not near,
Hence! ye long-leg'd ſpinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near,
Worm and ſnail do no offence:
Philomel with melody,
Sing in your ſweet lullaby.

A 4 Voc. Danby.

THE nightingale who tunes her warbling notes ſo ſweet,
'Midſt flow'rs ne'er preſumes to fix her mournful ſeat;
Melodiouſly ſhe ſings, while hawthorns pierce her breaſt,
Her voice ſweet echo rings, and nature lulls to reſt.

A 5 Voc. Callcott, M. B.

O Voi che ſoſpirate a miglior notti
Ch' aſcoltate d'amore,
O dite in rime,
Pregate non mi ſia piu ſorda morte,
Parto delle miſerie
E fin del pianto.

A 5 Voc. Stevens.

IT was a lover and his laſs,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-fields did paſs
In the ſpring time;
The pretty ſpring time, when birds do ſing,
Hey ding a ding, ſweet lovers love the ſpring.

And therefore take the preſent time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crown'd with the prime,
In the ſpring time;
The pretty ſpring time, when birds do ſing,
Sweet lovers love the ſpring.

A 3 Voc. Webbe.

NON fide al mar che freme,
La temeraria prora,
Chi ſi ſcolora e teme,
Sol quando vede il mar:

Non ſi cimenti in Campo,
Chi trema al ſuono e al lampo;
D'una guerriera tromba
D'un bellicoro acciar.

A 4 Voc. Callcott, M. B.

ARE the white hours for ever fled,
That us'd to mark the cheerful day?
And ev'ry blooming pleaſure dead,
That led th' enraptur'd ſoul aſtray?
Too faſt the roſy-footed train,
The bleſt delicious moments paſt:
Pleaſure muſt now give way to pain,
And grief ſucceed to joy at laſt.
O! daughters of eternal Jove,
Return with the returning year;
Bring pleaſure back, and ſmiles, and love,
Let blooming love again appear.

A 3 Voc. Sacchini.

HOW ſhould we mortals ſpend our hours?
In War, in Love, and Drinking!
None but a fool conſumes his pow'rs
In Peace, in Care, and Thinking.

Time, would you let him wiſely paſs,
Is lively, briſk, and jolly:
Dip but his wing in the ſparkling glaſs,
And he'll drown dull Melancholy.

A 5 Voc. Danby.

ROSY finger'd goddeſs riſe,
Fair Aurora, mount the ſkies;
Leave, O leave, your chryſtal bed,
Deck'd with coral beauteous red;
From each buſh the feather'd choir,
Warbling ſweet, new joys inſpire;
Warbling ſweet, each myrtle grove
Returns to meet the god of love:
Come then, ſhepherds, come away!
Come, ye damſels fair and gay;
Releaſe your herds and ſnowy ſheep,
That they the pearly dew may ſip:
More grateful to the thirſty flocks
Than to Narciſs' his golden locks.
Come, ere Sol's effervent beams
Parch the fields, or heat the ſtreams;
Clad each in his beſt array,
We'll celebrate this holiday;
Dancing, muſic, cheerful ſong,
Shall the fleeting hours prolong.

A 4 Voc. Danby.

SWEET thruſh, that makes the vernal year
Sweeter than Flora can appear;
As Philomel attends thy lay,
She envies the return of day.

The tuneful lyre and ſwelling flute,
At thy rich warbling ſhall be mute;
Vocal minſtrell, thy ſoft lay
Treaſures up, and ends the May:
Hark! how the blackbird woo's his love,
The ſkill'd muſician of the grove;
On thorn, as perch'd, he nobly ſings,
A cadence for the beſt of kings;
Sublime and ſoft, gay and ſerene,
A virginal to hail a queen:
Nature's muſic thus improves,
All the graces and the loves.

A 4 Voc. Webbe.

CUPID, my pleaſure, ſoft love I thee implore;
Bacchus, my treaſure, briſk wine I will adore:
Give me a beautiful maid to bleſs my longing arms!
Give me a bumper of red, in that I view all charms.
Without thy joy, life ſoon would cloy,
And prove a mere diſeaſe;
The noble juice will mirth produce,
And give us eaſe.

A 3 Voc. Callcott, M. B.

I.

FROM thy waves, ſtormy Lannow, I fly,
From the rocks that are laſh'd by their tide;
From the nymph whoſe cold boſom, relentleſs as they,
Has wreck'd my warm hopes by her pride;

Yet

Yet lonely, and rude as the ſcene,
Her ſmile to that ſcene cou'd impart
A charm that might rival the bloom of the vale;
But, away thou fond dream of my heart!
To thy rocks, ſtormy Lannow, adieu.

II.

Now the blaſts of the winter come on,
And the waters grow dark as the ſkies;
But, 'tis well! they reſemble the ſullen diſdain
That has lour'd in thoſe inſolent eyes:
Sincere were the ſighs it repreſs'd,
But they roſe in the days that are flown,
Ah! nymph unrelenting, and cold as thou art,
My ſpirit is proud as thine own.
To thy rocks, ſtormy Lannow, adieu.

III.

Now the wings of the ſea-fowl are ſpread,
To eſcape the rough ſtorm by their flight;
And theſe caves will afford them a gloomy retreat
From the wind, and the billows of night.
Like them, to the home of my youth,
Like them, to the ſhades I'll retire;
Receive me! and ſhield my vex'd ſpirit, ye groves,
From the pangs of inſulted deſire.
To thy rocks, ſtormy Lannow, adieu.

A 6 Voc. Webbe.

Ode on St. Cecilia.

CECILIA more than all the muſes ſkill'd,
Phœbus himſelf muſt to her yield;
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown:
The ſoft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majeſtic ſound;
In peals the ſwelling notes aſcend the ſkies,
Perpetual breath the ſwelling notes ſupplies:
And laſting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal muſic never dies!

A 4 Voc. Corfe.

I.

WHAT beauties does Flora diſcloſe!
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's ſtill ſweeter than thoſe,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daiſy nor ſweet bluſhing roſe,
Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field;
Not Tweed gliding gently thro' thoſe,
Such beauty and pleaſure does yield.

II.

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's faireſt where thouſands are fair.
Say, Charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding Tay,
Or the pleaſanter banks of the Tweed?

A 3 Voc. CORFE.

IN the hall I lay in night,
Mine eyes half clos'd with ſleep;
Soft muſic came to mine ear;
It was the maid of Selma.
Her neck was white as the boſom of a ſwan
Trembling on ſwift rolling waves:
She rais'd the nightly ſong;
For ſhe knew that my ſoul was a ſtream
That flow'd at pleaſant ſounds.
Mix'd with the harp, aroſe her voice;
She came on my troubled ſoul
Like a beam on the dark heaving ocean,
When it burſts from a cloud,
And brightens the foamy ſide of a wave;
'Twas like the mem'ry of joys that are paſt,
Pleaſant and mournful to the ſoul!

A 4 Voc. Corfe.

I.

BENEATH a green ſhade a lovely young ſwain,
One ev'ning reclin'd to diſcover his pain;
So ſad, yet ſo ſweetly he warbled his woe,
The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow:
Rude winds, with compaſſion, could hear him complain,
Yet Chloe, leſs gentle, was deaf to his ſtrain!

II.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
Ere Chloe's bright charms firſt flaſh'd in my view;
Theſe eyes then with pleaſure the dawn could ſurvey,
Nor ſmil'd the fair morning more cheerful than they:
Now ſcenes of diſtreſs pleaſe only my ſight,
I'm tortur'd in pleaſure, and languiſh in light.

A 5 Voc. Stevens.

O! miſtreſs mine, where are you roaming?
O! ſtay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can ſing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty ſweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Ev'ry wiſe man's ſon doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Preſent mirth has preſent laughter,

What's to come is ſtill unſure:
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then don't leave me, ſweet and twenty,
Youth's a ſeaſon won't endure.

A 4 Voc. Corfe.

IN April, when primroſes paint the ſweet plain,
And ſummer approaching rejoiceth the ſwain,
The yellow-hair'd laddie would often-times go,
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow:

There, under the ſhade of an old ſacred thorn,
With freedom he ſung his love ev'ning and morn;
He ſung with ſo ſoft and enchanting a ſound,
That ſilvans and fairies unſeen danc'd around.

A 3 Voc. Callcott, M. B.

AS I was going to Derby,
'Twas on a market-day,
I met the fineſt ram, Sir,
That ever was fed upon hay;
This ram was fat behind, Sir,
This ram was fat before,
This ram was ten yards high, Sir,
Indeed, he was no more!

The butcher that kill'd this ram, Sir,
Was up to his knees in blood!
The boy that held the pail, Sir,
Was carried away by the flood!
The tail that grew upon his rump
Was ten yards and an ell,
And that was ſent to Derby,
To toll the market bell.

A 3 Voc. Baildon.

MR. Speaker! though 'tis late,
I muſt lengthen the debate.
Queſtion — Order — hear him, hear!
Pray ſupport, ſupport the chair!
Sir, I ſhall name you if you ſtir.

A 4 Voc. R. Cooke.

NO riches from his ſcanty ſtore
My lover could impart;
He gave me a boon I valu'd more,
He gave me all his heart.
But now for me, in ſearch of gain,
From ſhore to ſhore he flies;
Why wander riches to obtain,
When love is all I prize!

A 4 Voc. Hindle.

QUEEN of the ſilver bow! by thy pale beam,
Alone and penſive, I delight to ſtray;
And watch thy ſhadow trembling in the ſtream,
Or mark the floating clouds that croſs thy way.
Still while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a ſoft calm upon my troubled breaſt;
And oft I think, fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have reſt.
The ſuff'rers of the earth, perhaps, may go,
Releas'd by death, to thy benignant ſphere;
And the ſad children of deſpair and woe,
Forget in thee their cup of ſorrow here.
O! that I ſoon may reach thy world ſerene,
Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling ſcene.

A 3 Voc. Webbe.

AWAY! away! we've crown'd the day,
The hounds are waiting for their prey:
The huntſman's call invites ye all,
Come in, boys, while ye may

The jolly horn, the roſy morn,
With harmony of deep-mouth'd hounds;
For theſe, my boys, are ſportſman's joys,
Our pleaſure knows no bounds.

A 5 Voc. Danby.

AS paſſing by a ſhady grove,
I heard a linnet ſing,
Whoſe ſweetly plaintive voice of love
Proclaim'd the cheerful ſpring.
His pretty accents ſeem'd to flow
As if he knew no pain;
His downy throat he tun'd ſo ſweet,
It echo'd o'er the plain.
Ah! happy warbler, I reply'd,
Contented thus to be;
'Tis only harmony and love
Can be compar'd with thee.

A 5 Voc. Callcott, M. B.

FATHER of heroes! high dweller of eddying winds,
Where the dark-red thunder marks the troubled clouds;
Open thou thy ſtormy halls;
Let the bards of old be near.
We ſit at the rocks, but there is no voice;
No light but the meteor of fire.
O! from the rock on the hill,
From the top of the windy ſteep,
O! ſpeak, ye ghoſts of the dead!
O! whither are ye gone to reſt?
In what cave of the hill ſhall we find the departed?
No feeble voice is on the gale;
No anſwer half-drown'd in the ſtorm!

Father

Father of heroes! the people bend before thee;
Thou turneſt the battle in the field of the brave;
Thy terrors pour the blaſts of death!
Thy tempeſts are before thy face!
But thy dwelling is calm, above the clouds;
The fields of thy reſt are pleaſant.

A 3 Voc. Webbe.

TO the old, long life and treaſure;
To the young, all health and pleaſure;
To the fair, their face
With eternal grace,
And the reſt to be lov'd at leiſure.

A 5 Voc. Callcott, M. B.

HAIL, happy Albion! queen of Iſles!
Peaceful freedom o'er thee ſmiles:
Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye,
The flow'r unheeded can deſcry,
And bid it round heav'n's altars ſhed
The fragrance of its bluſhing head.

Through the wild waves as they roar,
With watchful eye and dauntleſs mien,
Thy ſteady courſe of honour keep;
Nor fear the rocks, nor ſeek the ſhore,
The ſtar of Brunſwick ſhines ſerene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep.

A 4 Voc. J. C. Pring.

AS I wove with wanton care,
Fillets for a virgin's hair;
Cupid, and I mark'd him well,
Hid him in a cowſlip's bell.
While he plum'd a pointed dart,
Fated to inflame the heart;
Glowing with malicious joy,
Sudden I ſecur'd the boy:
And, regardleſs of his cries,
Bore the little frighted prize
Where the mighty goblet ſtood,
Teeming with a roſy flood.
Urchin! in my rage I cry'd,
What avails thy ſaucy pride?
Thus, I drown thee in my cup—
Thus, in wine I drink thee up!

A 3 Voc. Dr. Cooke.

STAY, lovely Laura, ſtay, let us ſit and play,
While Phœbus hurries on the ſultry day.
Let us the whiſp'ring pines' cool ſhade enjoy;
How ſoft they murmur as the Zephyrs ſigh!
While the brook, bubbling to my pipe's ſoft charms,
Shall woo ſome gentle viſion to thy arms.

CHLOE found Amyntas lying,
All in tears upon the plain;
Sighing to himſelf and crying,
Wretched I! to love in vain.
Ever ſcorning and denying
To reward a faithful ſwain;
Kiſs, me dear, before my dying,
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain;
But, repenting and complying,
When he kiſs'd, ſhe kiſs'd again:
Kiſs'd him up before his dying,
Kiſs'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

A 3 Voc. WEBBE.

SEE! with ivy chaplet bound,
And wreaths of vernal roſes crown'd,
Bacchus comes, and brings along
Blooming mirth and cheerful ſong:
But, ah! no myrtle there is ſeen,
No laurel ſpreads a laſting green!
Say, does Apollo fly the train?
Or lovely Venus, wine diſdain?
Behold the muſes now appear,
And willing beauty ſighs ſincere;
Happier far than gods above,
We fill to Harmony and Love;

Happier far than men below,
Now with ſparkling wine we glow:
Happier ſtill our lot ſhall be,
Bleſt with theſe and Liberty.

A 4 Voc. Webbe.

SINCE harmony deigns with her vot'ries to dwell,
Exalt ev'ry voice, and each note loudly ſwell;
Intreat her to viſit us here ev'ry night,
And thus by her preſence diffuſe new delight;
And ſince ſhe ſuch mirth and ſuch pleaſure can bring,
Let us Io Pœan repeatedly ſing.

A 3 Voc. Jackson, *Exon.*

THOU, to whoſe eyes I bend; at whoſe command,
Tho' low my voice, tho' artleſs be my hand:
I take the ſprightly reed, and ſing or play,
Careleſs of all the cens'ring world may ſay.
O, faireſt of thy ſex, be thou my muſe,
Deign on my work thine influence to diffuſe;
So ſhall my notes to future times proclaim,
Unbounded love and ever-during flame.

A 3 Voc. Jackson, *Exon.*

ON a day, alack! the day,
Love, whoſe month was ever May,
Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:

Thro'

Thro' the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find,
That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph ſo!
But, alas! my hand hath ſworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet;
Thou, for whom e'en Jove would ſwear,
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

A 3 Voc. Jackson, *Exon.*

IN a vale clos'd with woodland, where grottoes abound,
Where rivulets murmur, and echoes reſound;
I vow'd to the muſes my time and my care,
Since neither could win me the ſmiles of my fair.

As freedom inſpir'd me, I rang'd and I ſung,
And Daphne's dear name never fell from my tongue;
But if a ſmooth accent delighted my ear,
I could wiſh unawares that my Daphne might hear.

With faireſt ideas my boſom I ſtor'd,
To drive from my heart the fair nymph I ador'd;
But the more I with ſtudy my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impreſſion ſhe made on my mind.

Ah! whilſt I the beauties of nature purſue,
I ſtill muſt my Daphne's fair image renew;
The graces have choſen with Daphne to rove,
And the muſes are all in alliance with love!

A 4 Voc. Dr. Cooke.

LONG may live my lovely Hetty,
Always young, and always pretty.

A 4 Voc. Danby.

NOR blazing gems, nor ſilken ſheen,
Beſpeak the wearer's heart ſerene;
Nor purple robe, nor tiſſued veſt,
Proclaim the calm unruffled breaſt.
The crimſon mantle, and the jewell'd crown,
Fair peace forſakes, well pleas'd to own
The ſhepherd's ſimple garb and ruſſet gown.
Sweet peace forſakes the crouded ſtreet,
And ſhelters in the calm retreat;
With ſolitude the charmer dwells,
'Midſt rural meads and flow'ry dells:
She ſhuns the coſtly feaſt, and rare,
Contented with the ſhepherd's fare;
She ſcorns the roofs where nobles dwell,
And ſeeks the ruſtic's humbler cell;
She ſlights the miſer's glitt'ring hoard,
The joys of wine, and plenteous board;
Fair virtues livery ſhe wears,
And all the joys of life are hers.

A 3 Voc. Webbe.

O! what can equal here below,
The life of us three brothers!
The riſing ſigh of burſting woe,
The balm of friendſhip ſmothers.
The ſtream of life ſo ſmoothly flows,
We ſcarcely feel it gliding;
No dang'rous wave the current knows,
Our bark with harm betiding:
Nor anxious thought, nor teaſing care,
Our peace of mind deſtroying;
The ſocial glaſs we freely ſhare,
Thus doubly life enjoying.
In friendſhip's ties ſo firmly bound,
Misfortune's ſtorms we weather,
And ev'ry blaſt that would confound,
Unites us more together.

A 3 Voc. Callcott, M. B.

WHILE the moon-beams, all bright,
Give a luſtre to night,
I'll weep on his dwelling ſo narrow,
And high o'er his grave,
The willow trees wave,
Who died on the banks of the Yarrow.

'Twas under this ſhade,
Hand in hand as we ſtray'd,

He fell by the flight of an arrow;
And fast from the wound,
His blood stain'd the ground,
Who died on the banks of the Yarrow.

A 3 Voc. Webbe.

MR. ——— will you do us the favour
To join in a catch? Sir, I'll do my endeavour:
To be sure I've a cold, — but I'll still do my best;
As I know your intention, I'll join with the rest.
May the smiles of the company thus ever cheer us,
And we all give pleasure to those who may hear us.

A 3 Voc. Callcott, M. B.

THOU, who alone dost all my thoughts infuse,
And art at once my mistress and my muse;
Inspir'd from thee flows every sacred line,
Thine is the poetry, the poetry thine;
Thy service shall my only bus'ness be,
And all my life employ'd in pleasing thee.

A 4 Voc. Callcott, M. B.

LOVELY seems the moon's fair lustre
To the lost benighted swain,
When all silv'ry bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely ſeems the ſun's full glory
To the fainting ſeaman's eyes,
When ſome horrid ſtorm diſperſing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

A 3 Voc. Callcott, M. B.

I.

YOU, gentlemen of England, that live at home at eaſe,
Ah! little do you think upon the dangers of the ſeas;
Give ear unto the mariners, and they will plainly ſhow,
All the cares and the fears, when the ſtormy winds do blow.

II.

If enemies oppoſe us, when England is at wars
With any foreign nations, we fear not wounds nor ſcars,
Our roaring guns ſhall teach 'em our valour for to know,
Whilſt they reel on the keel, when the ſtormy winds do blow.

III.

Then, courage all brave mariners, and never be diſmay'd,
Whilſt we have bold adventurers we ne'er ſhall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us to fetch them wealth we know,
Then be bold, work for gold, when the ſtormy winds do blow.

A 4 Voc. Webbe.

GREAT Apollo, ſtrike the lyre,
Fill the raptur'd ſoul with fire!
Let the feſtive ſong go round,
Let this night with joy be crown'd. Hark!

Hark! what numbers ſoft and clear,
Steal upon the raviſh'd ear!
Sure, no mortal ſweeps the ſtrings;
Liſten! — 'tis Apollo ſings!

A 3 Voc. Webbe.

I'll enjoy the preſent time,
I'll be merry while I may;
Love away youth's gentle prime,
Ever happy, ever gay.

Youth's the ſeaſon made for love,
Love's the ſource of bliſs below;
I'll the pleaſing ſpan improve,
Nor waſte one precious hour in woe.

Too ſoon old age, with gloomy care,
This ſweet tranſporting ſcene deſtroys;
And ſilvers o'er my wanton hair,
And robs me of thoſe fleeting joys.

A 4 Voc. Webbe.

GODDESS of the cheerful ſmile,
Thou can'ſt ev'ry care beguile!
Still to me thy joys impart,
Raiſe the ſpirits, warm the heart;
Fix thine empire in my breaſt,
Still an ever welcome gueſt.

A 3 Voc. Callcott, M. B.

WHO comes, ſo dark, from ocean's roar,
Like Autumn's ſhadowy cloud?
Death is trembling in his hand,
His eyes are flames of fire!

Son of the cloudy night, retire;
Call thy winds and fly;
Retire thou to thy cave.

But let us ſit by the moſſy fount,
Let us hear the mournful voice of the breeze,
When it ſighs on the graſs of the cave.

A 3 Voc. Webbe.

SURLY Giles's old cat was ſhut out of the houſe;
How ſhe plagu'd him all night without catching a mouſe!
With her mew, ſick to death, ſurly Giles roſe in haſte,
And vow'd that no longer his moments he'd waſte;
So he took up a ſtick as he jump'd out of bed,
And ſwore he would knock the old cat o' the head.

A 3 Voc. Reginald Spofforth.

SEE, ſmiling from the roſy eaſt,
The harbinger of day
Pours with majeſtic luſtre dreſs'd
The treaſures of his ray:

No more her charms Aurora ſhrouds
Behind the ſullen veil of clouds;
But ſheds profuſe her animating pow'rs,
And from their wint'ry ſleep, awakes the flow'rs.

A 3 Voc. Webbe.

AWAKE, ſweet muſe! the breathing ſpring
With rapture warms, awake and ſing;
Awake, and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a ſong.
To Nancy raiſe the cheerful lay,
O bid her haſte, and come away:
In ſweeteſt ſmiles herſelf adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

A 3 Voc. Webbe.

WHAT may arrive of care to-morrow
Let dull and vulgar ſouls divine;
And joyleſs brood o'er future ſorrow,
While here we drown the paſt in wine.
The bowl ſupplies eternal ſtreams of pleaſure
To him who wiſely filling, takes his meaſure.

A 4 Voc. Webbe, jun.

WHEN pearly dew, at early dawn,
Hangs pendant from the blooming thorn,
The lark to uſher in the morn
Awakes the feather'd throng:
Borne upwards on her tender wings,
As from the ſod ſhe eager ſprings,
In ſofteſt numbers ſweetly ſings
Her grateful morning ſong.

A 5 Voc. Webbe.

THE bloſſom ſo pleaſing at ſummer's gay call,
Muſt languiſh at firſt, and muſt afterwards fall:
But behind it the fruit its ſucceſſor ſhall riſe
By nature diſrob'd of its beauteous diſguiſe.
So, Celia, when youth, that gay bloſſom is o'er,
By her virtues improv'd ſhall engage me the more;
Shall recall ev'ry beauty that brighten'd her prime,
When her merit is ripen'd by love and by time.

A 4 Voc. Webbe, jun.

SWEET ſtream, that winds thro' yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid;
Silent and pure ſhe glides along,
Far from the world's gay buſy throng:

With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her deſtin'd courſe;
Graces attend on all ſhe does,
Bleſſing and bleſt where e'er ſhe goes.

FINIS.

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